The Scarlet Pimpernel

It was about 10 o’clock in the morning and the day had arrived for retribution for the republic. I could see the smoke coming from the merchant selling his meat and ale. I was hungry, but I knew the tricks he pulled, watering the ale and using poor quality meat, and when his customers seemed a bit too drunk for their own good he might slip a lead coin instead of a real on for change. Instead, I decided against consuming any sort of products as I thought of the blood being spilled, the dirty clothes worn by the peasants; who quite obviously do not know the meaning of hygiene. When those muck-covered aristos were sent through the archway and onto the stage the cheering and fist pumping intensified, the stage ready, for the play of their death. As the time on the clock counted down to their demise I tried to find a good vantage point to view the spectacle. I went to the opposite side of the merchant, as I have no desire to be tempted by cheap imitations. I attempted to make my way towards the back, and seeing as how I was smaller than the average man I thought that the smell of their torsos wouldn’t be as horrid than if I was down at their legs, boy was I wrong. Their feet stank the immensely I could almost taste it, it probably stank because they were wet but also because I doubt that they were washed often, if at all. Nevertheless, I persevered and while holding my breath as much as I could, I made my way to the back. When I reached the back I breathed in a big gulp of fresh air, or at least what you could call fresh in this stink palace, and wandered at my surroundings. I saw a big wall, not much use without a ladder, a donkey and some rats nibbling on some of the cheap meat. I would have considered the donkey if not for its stink being worse than the people and the mice were pretty much useless. At last I found a bunch of relatively old crates together in a corner, I managed to push them to the edge of the bloodthirsty crowd and then I climbed to the top and peered over all the heads that used to tower over me before and… there! I managed to see the aristos is a tumbril and one at the guillotine, the grim reaper of the middle ages. There was a basket at the bottom to catch the heads as they fell, I spotted some hay as well, they were supposed to stop the blood from leaking through the straw basket but I doubt that it will hold all of the aristos blood as I saw at least seven of them in the tumbril. The first one lined his neck up to the guillotine, and as the cheering intensified so did the speed of the guillotine. CHOP! Went the head of the aristo as it landed with a soft thud into the basket and as the revolutionary guard held his head up high for the whole world to see the cheering was immeasurable as the revolutionary peasants fist pumped the air and yelled at the top of their lungs to show their feelings of hatred against the aristos. Me? I felt queasy to the bone. I didn’t not like the aristos but neither did I like them, but to see a human head dismembered from its body was truly a horrifying experience. I stood on my platform of crates, wide-eyed with a face distorted in disgust. I clambered down my crates, sat down and lent my back on one of them, breathing heavily while taking the whole image in. I lowered my head into my arms that were crossed over my legs and for the rest of that period, tried to rid myself of that image that would forever haunt my dreams.